CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION

LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

NOT IN
GUN OF 036

Sarah Willis's Book
Presented to the Girls of
Miss Pinnock's Academy
1809 —

SIMPLE STORIES;

IN VERSE.

MORNING HYMN

Awake, my Anna! haste with me to raise
The Infant voice unto thy Makers praise.

London. Pub. Janᵉ 1809. by B. Tabart & Cº. New Bond Stᵗ.

SIMPLE STORIES;

IN VERSE.

BEING A COLLECTION

OF

ORIGINAL POEMS;

DESIGNED FOR

THE USE OF CHILDREN.

" A two-fold gift in this my Volume lies;
" It makes you merry, and it makes you wise."

LONDON:

Printed by R. Juigné, 17, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square,

FOR E. TABART AND CO. AT THE JUVENILE AND SCHOOL LIBRARY, NEW BOND-STREET.

1809.

DEPARTMENT OF SPECIAL COLLECTIONS
UCLA

PREFACE.

To those judicious Mothers, who examine Books before they commit them to the perusal of their Children, this Preface is addressed; informing them that the object of this little Work is to convey Instruction, under the fascinating garb of Amusement; the only form in which, the Author presumes to think, it can be fastened on very young minds.

Amusement is necessary to children;

but, from the earliest age, the ideas given them should be rational.

The Author laments that the excellent example, given some years ago by one of our best female authors,* of combining simple language with useful knowledge, has been so little followed. Was her very just remark, (" to lay " the first stone of a noble building can " never be an unworthy task,") more attended to, then would abler pens than this humble one be employed in pouring Instruction, imperceptibly into the infant mind, through the medium of one of their most delightful gratifications.

* Mrs. Barbauld.

The Author, though fully sensible of its insignificance, sends this little Book into the world, without feeling any *dread* of the censure of the Guardian of Education, should that most useful Work be still continued, as it is not the *want of talents* which that most excellent Critic considers, but the *moral tendency* of the Work; in which the Author feels satisfied of her *intentions*; and where she may have failed, will be proud to receive Instruction from so pure a source.

THE AUTHOR TO THE BOOK.

Go, little Book, and do thy part,
To form the mind, and mend the heart;
Instruction with amusement mix,
The ear of Infancy to fix;
In Pleasure's garb veil useful sense,
To catch the eye of Innocence;
Cherish the feelings tun'd aright,
And those still wanting try t'excite.
Thy meaning is, to sow in youth,
The seeds of Piety and Truth;
Which, ripen'd by the breath of Time,
In future years of manly prime,

May fruit produce on Virtue's tree,
Worthy the heirs of immortality.
If aptly thou perform thy task,
Then will I hope, and dare to ask,
That others, wiser far than me,
May send more Books to follow thee.

COLLECTION, &c.

MORNING HYMN.

Awake, my Anna! haste, with me, to raise
Thy infant voice unto thy Maker's praise;
Arise, my love, thy feeble accents join,
In grateful thanks t'Almighty God, with mine.
His watchful eye hath guarded us this night,
His pow'r restor'd us safe to morning light.
The rising Sun, in glorious majesty,
Behold, ascending, gilds each flow'r and tree:
The feather'd tribe, already on the wing,
In joyful notes their Maker's praises sing:

Nature in all her beauteous works looks gay,
And all conspire to hail returning day!
Let us our praise in glad accordance join,
And with the gen'ral harmony combine.
Praise Him, the bounteous giver of all good,
Praise Him, who gives thee friends, and health,
and food,
Praise Him, to whom our very lives we owe,
Th'Almighty God! from whom all comforts flow.

GOOD NATURED FREDERICK

Oh give him my Hat & my Stockings Mama,
Page. 3.

London Pub.d Jan.y 1809. by B. Tabart & C.o New Bond St.

GOOD-NATURED FREDERICK.

Oh, bring me my hat, for I want to go out,
To play, and to drive my new poney about;
What a hurry I'm in, I would fly if I'd wings,
Make haste, my good Mary, and put on my things:
Oh, no, my young master, then Mary did say,
You must not go out, sir, this sad blowing day;
You would shiver with cold, and be wet to the skin,
I must try and amuse master Frederick within;
So I'll bring you your tops, and your fiddle, my dear,
And your cart, and your poney, to play with them here:

Or run to the window, look out in the town,
And see all the pretty white snow falling down.
Now Frederick took in the window his seat,
And he presently saw a poor boy in the street;
And as nearer the house the poor wanderer came,
The nursery-maid, Mary, heard Frederick ex-
claim,
Little boy! little boy! do not come out to-day,
You must not come out till the rain's gone
away;
You must not be walking about the wet street,
With no hat on your head, and no shoes on
your feet.
Come mama, and come sister, now all of you
come,
And do send this naughty boy back to his home:
Ah! that, said mama, I would willingly do,
If there was but a home unto which he c ;

could go

He would gladly run ever so long, or so fast,
If he thought he could get to a shelter at last;
But he has no home, so he wanders the street,
Without hat on his head, or shoes on his feet;
Oh, give him my hat, and my stockings, mama,
You know I've got plenty of clothes in my draw'r;
A house, dear mama, I've no money to buy,
But to get him one, when I'm a man, I will try.

IDLE MARY.

Come, Mary! 'tis the hour for school,
So place beside me now your stool,
And take your work, and sew it well,
And bring your book, to read and spell.
The child, unwilling to be chid,
Made haste to do as she was bid;
And on her pretty stool sat down,
To make a little poor child's gown.
The cares and business of the day,
Now call'd her good mama away;
And just as soon as she was gone,
(Alas! poor little baby's gown!)
Work-bag and work, are all thrown down,
And idle Mary runs away,
And leaves them all to go and play.

IDLE MARY

And Idle Mary runs away, and leaves them all to go and play.

London, Pub.d Jan.y 1855, by B. Tabart & Co.y New Bond St.t

Poor little baby! do not cry,
But patient wait (till by and bye),
Till little Mary's wiser grown,
To have your little cotton gown.
We hope she'll soon her faults amend,
And be to you a better friend;
Nay, when she quite industrious grows,
She'll make you a whole set of clothes;
Finish'd quite, made strong and neat,
With strings, and buttons, all complete.
But now, poor mother, you must fold,
In rags, your little baby cold,
And wait till Mary's wiser grown,
To have its little cotton gown.

CHARLES IN DISGRACE.

Oh! see poor Charles is in disgrace,
His little hands now hide his face:
Unhappy boy! I know he fears
Lest any one should see his tears;
For he is quite ashamed you see,
A very naughty boy to be.
I hope he's penitent, and then
He will not do the same again.
But who is this, in so much haste?
This little girl, who runs so fast?
She must have some good news to tell,
Oh, yes! I know it very well:
And now then, that she comes this way,
You'll hear what she has got to say.

My brother, dry each falling tear,
For you have nothing now to fear,
I've told mama, that I was sure
You'd try to do the same no more;
And when she heard you promised this,
She sent you pardon, and a kiss:
And when to-night we both kneel down,
Before our God, our faults to own,
We'll ask of him forgiveness too,
That he may also pardon you.
If we the aid of God implore,
He'll give you grace to sin no more,
Protect and bless you as before.
Wipe then away the falling tear,
And come to play, my brother dear,
For you have nothing now to fear.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

1

Oh, why do I so frequent hear
My little darling heave the sigh?
And why does now the starting tear
Bedew my little Fanny's eye?

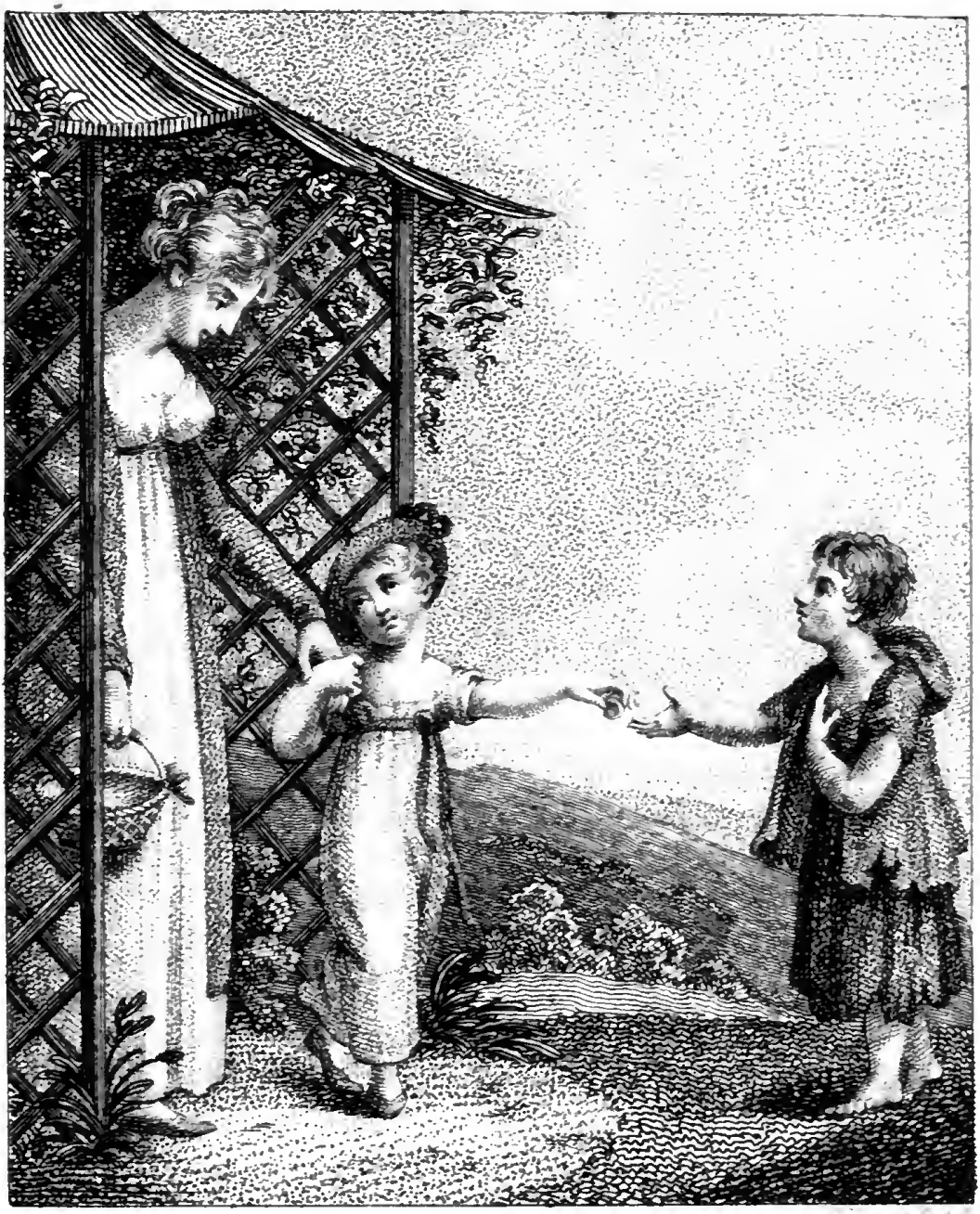
2

My love, I guess the cause I own,
And must I then the truth declare,
It is because the rain pours down,
You cannot go to see the fair.

3

Oh, dry your tears, and come with me,
Perhaps it will be fine to-morrow;
Meanwhile, what you shall come and see,
Will make you quite forget your sorrow.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT



I do not wish to see the Fair.

Page 10.

London Pub. Jan.y 1809 by B. Tabart & Co. New Bond Str.t

4

The mother took her daughter's hand,
And led her weeping to the door;
Where, shivering, she observed to stand,
A little beggar, cold and poor.

5

Mammy, she said, is very bad,
Beneath a hedge she now does stay;
And nothing, scarcely, has she had
To eat and drink this many a day.

6

But what is much the saddest part,
My mammy she has often said,
Its quite enough to break her heart,
To see her children starve for bread.

7

Oh, give me but one little bit,
To take unto my crying brother,
I would not taste one crum of it,
But give it all to him and mother.

8

Oh take this shilling, it is mine,
Then pretty little Fanny said,
I do not want my play-things fine,
T'will buy for you both meat and bread.

9

Why, that you had from good papa,
To buy a doll with flaxen hair,
Oh, never think of that, mama,
I do not wish to see the fair.

RIDING THE DONKEY.

Poor donkey's got a heavy load,
He's going through a stony road,
My dearest children pray take care,
Be certain not to go too far.
How little George the sport enjoys,
Amongst the playful girls and boys,
See how he swings from side to side,
Well pleased to have so nice a ride.
Oh, spare the whip, my children dear,
He's got a weighty load to bear.
Pray be not, Charles, in too much haste,
He cannot now go very fast;
He's dumb, you know, and can't complain,
Oh, give him then no needless pain.

My children, may you never know
Enjoyment from another's woe:
Be all your deeds in kindness meant,
Be all your pleasures innocent.
See Frederick pulling donkey's ears,
How very patient he appears:
While strok'd by all their little hands,
Meek animal, how still he stands.
Ride on, my boys and girls, ride on,
And when the joyful sport is done,
Remember what to you I tell,
Be sure to feed poor donkey well.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

Oh, what fine hero have we hear!
A little youthful volunteer!
I guess what must the reason be,
Of the wonder now we see.
Sweet Frederick is so good a boy,
That he is all his parents joy.
He reads in quite a pretty way,
And many a little speech can say.
All who live with Frederick find,
That he is ever good and kind.
His dear mama was happy quite,
To give so good a boy delight;
And that a soldier he might be,
She bought him all the things you see,

Observe his little boots, and note
His helmet, and his dark blue coat;
His little sword, and by his side,
The poney he is going to ride.
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums,
See the hero, Frederick, comes!
He who's wicked, never can
Be a brave courageous man:
But trumpets sound, and drums loud beat,
For Frederick's good as he is great.

HENRY GOING TO SEA.

1

Observe young Henry's distant sail,
He's now amongst the crew;
And, aided by a prosperous gale,
To England bids adieu.

2

His sister, Helen, still must stay,
To watch the rolling main;
To see the vessel sail away,
And wish it home again.

3

But Henrietta, fill'd with woe,
Can bear the sight no more:
Unable thus to see him go,
She's weeping on the shore.

4

Brave Henry tempts the dang'rous sea,
And leaves his friends with pain;
That he may great and valiant be,
And glory may attain.

5

To distant climes he hastes to go,
From Britain's happy isle:
He leaves his home, where comforts flow,
For hardships, and for toil.

6

Then you, his sisters, hasten now
Each duty to fulfil;
And learn, with meek content, to bow,
To Heaven's all-righteous will.

7

Then Henry you may hope to greet,
Upon that peaceful shore;
Where friends, belov'd, together meet,
To separate no more.

THE YOUNG SHEPHERD.

1

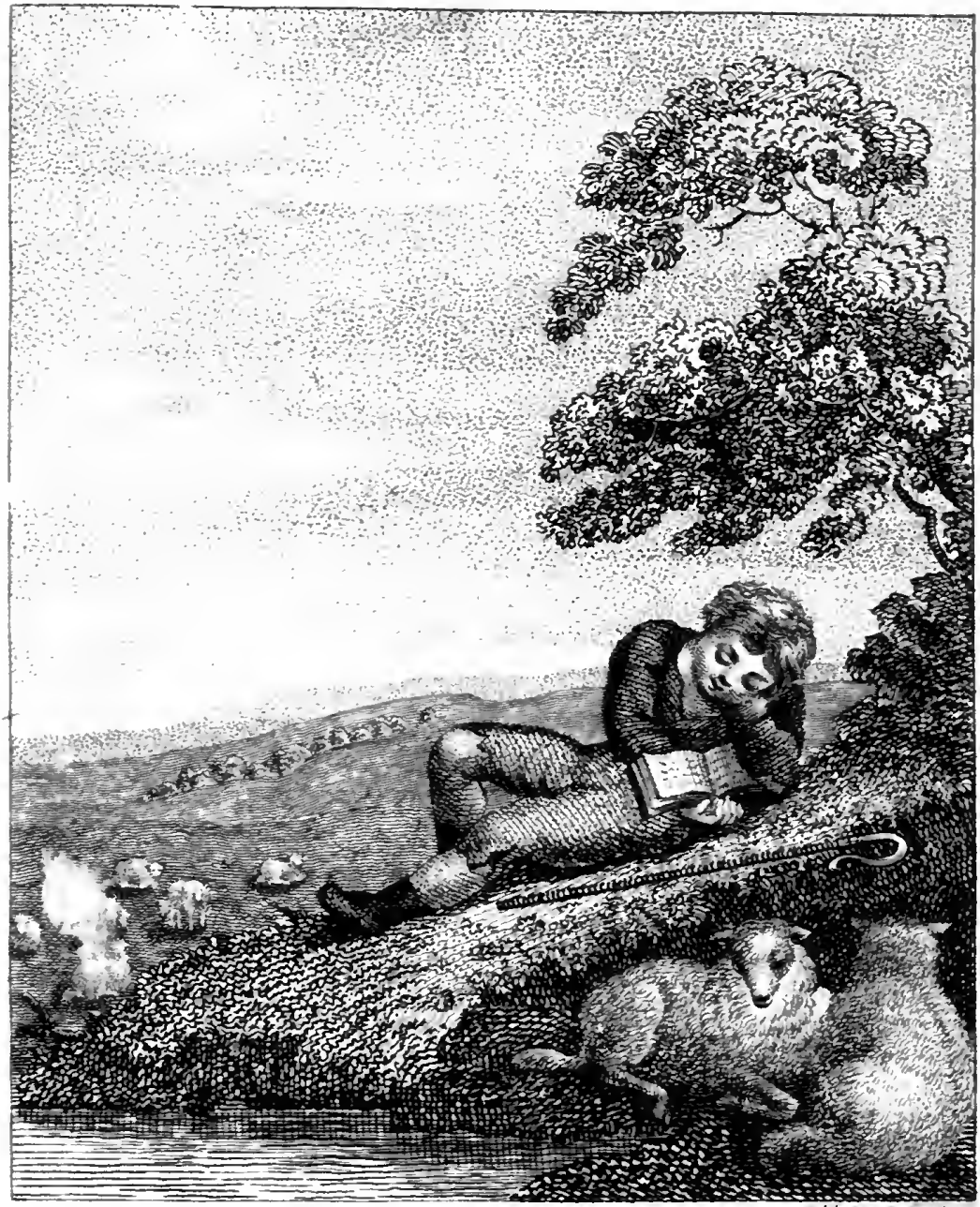
On a sun-shiny day,
As I wander'd afar:
Through the meadows I stray'd,
Chance directed me where.

2

Soon I came to a hill,
I ascended its steep;
And its smooth verdant brow
Was all cover'd with sheep.

3

As thought led me onward,
I espied near a rock,
The harmless young shepherd,
Who guarded his flock.



4

His eyes were cast downwards,
Low bent was his head;
And his mind seem'd intent
On the book which he read.

5

Much amazed did I look,
And well-pleas'd was to see,
A bible, the book
Which he held on his knee.

6

Sweet Child of Reflexion!
The study pursue,
And the deep-letter'd sage
Is no wiser than you.

7

Oh, make it your guide,
Your protection, and friend;
And no king is so safe,
Though his army defend.

8

Oh, search there for the joys
This life fails to bestow;
And thou'rt happier than thousands
That dwell here below.

9

From the path it points out,
Let thy foot never stray;
For the Lord is thy shepherd,
Then walk in his way.

10

Amidst the green pastures,
He'll bring thee to feed;
And by waters of comfort,
Thy steps he shall lead.

11

His watch o'er thy footsteps,
Each day he shall keep;
And at night in *his fold,*
Thou shalt peaceably sleep.

THE SPINNING WHEEL.

1

Pray, dearest mother, come to play,
And put your spinning wheel away,
I'm sure your work is done:
Oh, take me now upon your knee,
I've nobody to play with me,
For brother George is gone.

2

Don't let your wheel go round and round,
I am quite tired of the sound,
And you are tired too:
You wish to put it by, I see,
So come along and play with me,
My dearest mother do.

THE SPINNING WHEEL

So come along and play with me,
my dearest Mother do.

Page 24.

London Pub. Jan.y 1809 by B. Tabart & Co. New Bond Str.t

3

Hush! little prattler, come and learn
That all the work I do, will earn
My children's daily food;
I labour clothes for thee to win,
And every day I toil and spin,
To get thy livelihood.

4

What would my little children feel,
If I lay by my spinning wheel,
To idle time away:
My infants then would beggars be,
And they, in want and misery,
Must pass the tedious day.

5

I'm sorry love to say thee nay,
But now I cannot come to play,
But still must labour hard:
Thy rosy looks, and infant smile,
Shall recompense the daily toil,
And prove a bright reward.

6

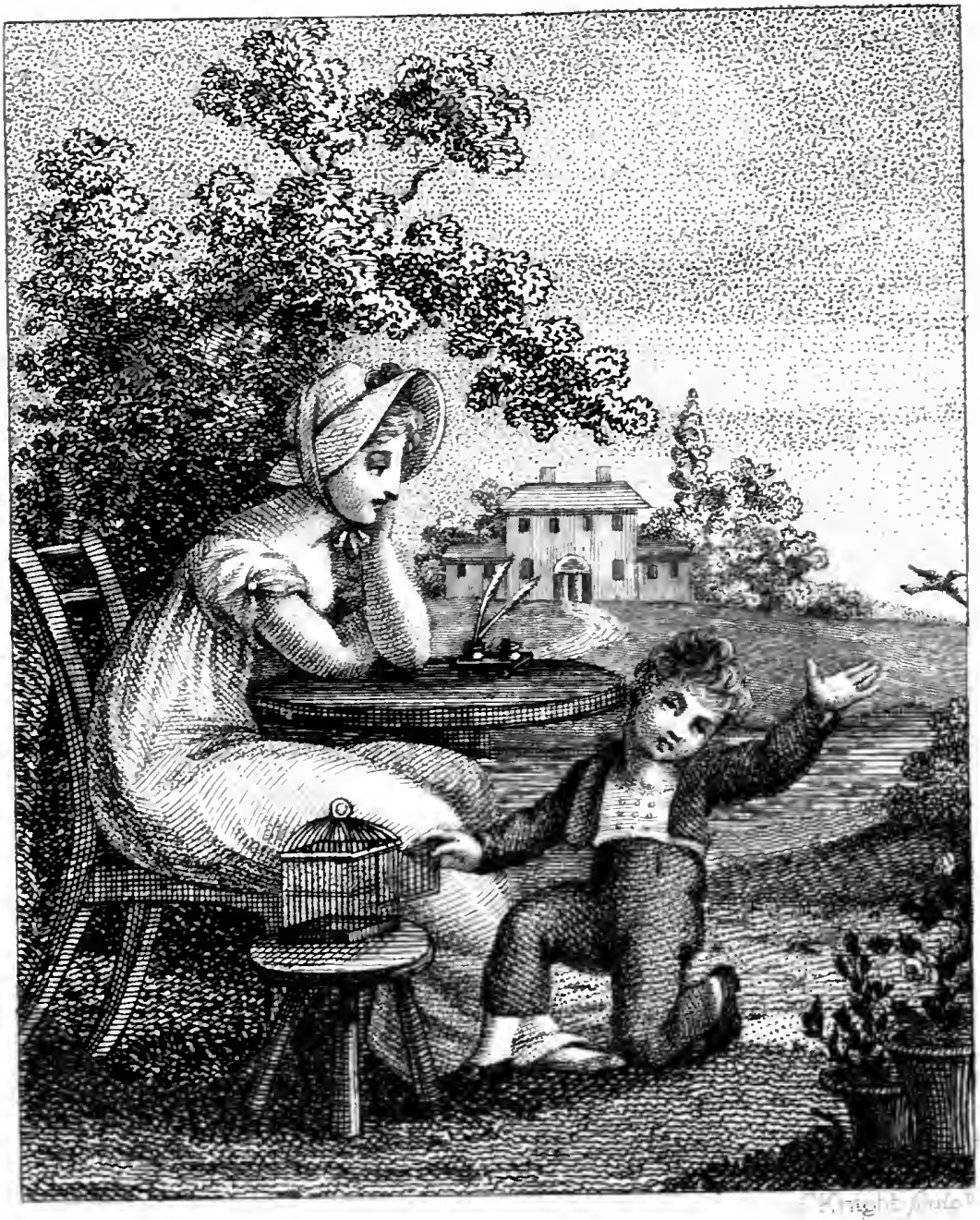
Mother! when thou shalt older grow,
And daily work thou canst not do,
To spin I then will learn:
By filial love, and duty bound,
I then will turn thy wheel around,
Thy daily bread to earn.

7

And when thy youthful days are o'er,
And thou canst work and spin no more,
I then will toil for thee:
Thy griefs and sorrows to assuage,
Thus to preserve thy drooping age,
From want and misery.

THE BIRD.

I saw a little boy one day,
Come running from his joyful play,
And, listening, I heard him say,
Mama! mama! make haste and see,
This bird I caught from yonder tree;
Mama! mama! make haste and run,
To see my pretty little one:
Look at his little yellow head,
And pretty feathers, brown and red;
I stroke and kiss his little wing,
To me then he begins to sing;
I've put him in a clever house,
Where cannot come dog, cat, or mouse;
You see I turn it all about,
My little pris'ner can't get out;



And ev'ry morn, indeed! indeed!
Frederick his little bird will feed.

His tender mother eager heard,
And listen'd to his ev'ry word,
Alas! she said, my pretty boy,
Must I then all your mirth destroy?
Dear Frederick, must it be my part,
To check the joy that swells your heart?
Oh, let not tears bedew your cheek,
But listen to the words I speak:
To keep this bird will be unkind,
He does not like to be confined,
Those notes, for singing you mistook,
Were plaintive notes; for only look,
He ope's his bill, and shuts his eye,
Stretches his wing, and tries to fly;
He likes to wake at early dawn,
And chirp upon the dewy lawn,

To soar aloft from tree to tree,
Delighting in his liberty;
And when 'tis time to go to rest,
To sink into his little nest:
But now he must, to your disgrace,
Sleep sadly, in this wiry place;
And spend himself, in efforts vain,
His native freedom to regain.
Dear, dear mama! pray say no more,
Sweet Frederick cried, and op'd the door.
There, little bird—go—fly away,
Be happy as the livelong day!
Perch once again on yon high tree,
I will not grieve to set thee free.
The anxious mother watch'd her child,
And, through her tears of joy, she smil'd,
And said—My noble, gen'rous boy!
Be ever thus thy parents joy!

My darling, may'st thou ever be,
Alive to soft humanity!
True pleasure you may then enjoy,
Which sad remorse will ne'er destroy;
You still may love your little bird,
And when its sweetest notes you've heard,
While gay it flies from morn to night,
And carols notes of soft delight,
You will be glad you set him free,
And gave him back his liberty.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

1

The holidays o'er, and with them all their joys,
See, with sorrowful faces, appear little boys,
Who from friends are preparing to part;
Yet some, better than others, contented and good,
Would not stay from their school, if they might or they could,
Though they feel quite as much at their heart.

2

Thus, observe little Henry, see his rosy face,
No tears of ill-temper could ever disgrace,
His looks so expressive and mild:
He is lov'd by his mother, his sisters and friends;
His play and his studies, together he blends,
He's a good and a sensible child.

GOING TO SCHOOL

He looks back to Mama, who so anxious appears.
to keep her dear Henry in view.

Page 32.

London Pub.d Jan.y 1809 by B. Tabart & Co. New Bond Str.t

3

He packs up his little collection of books,
And cheers his mama with his good humoured looks,
And assures her industrious he'll be:
Though he knows 'tis unpleasant to go away far,
And to sep'rate himself from his dearest mama,
Such a good little fellow is he.

4

That he says—though from you, dear mama, I must go
Yet at school and at play, I will oft think of you;
That remembrance shall make me do right.
To be certain you think of your dear little boy,
In the day will permit me my play to enjoy,
And will lull me to slumber at night.

5

Sweet fellow! he thinks it a pity to grieve,
When useful instruction he goes to receive,
And Wisdom's firm path to pursue;

And at school, I am sure, he will never forget,
The promise he made, so contented and sweet,
When he bade his dear mother adieu.

6

Now, see onward he goes, and still hiding his tears,
He looks back to mama, who so anxious appears
To keep her dear Henry in view:
Delighted, in her little darling to find,
So gen'rous a heart, and so steady a mind,
Well determin'd his duty to do.

7

What a different picture is that naughty boy,
Who, in holiday time, has been all mirth and joy,
But, when time for instruction draws nigh;
So unfeelingly causes distress to his mother,
Is fretful, and peevish with sister and brother,
Discontented, does nothing but cry.

8

His mama, she assures him, again and again,
That complaining and sobbing is always in vain,
For to school he must certainly go:
With knowledge to store his yet ignorant mind,
Yet, that pleasure and comfort, in time, he will find,
Which instruction ne'er fails to bestow.

9

She persuades him to wipe off the tears from his eyes,
And to cheer her with hopes he will one day grow wise,
By striving to learn and do well:
To stifle the grief that now swells at his breast,
And to comfort his mother, with sorrow opprest,
By a smile, when he bids her farewell.

10

But to all her advice no attention he shews,
And, with looks of ill-temper, he sullenly goes;
He cannot look back to perceive

His anxious mama; she has turned back her head;
Disappointed to find 'twas in vain all she said,
No hope can *her* sorrow relieve.

11

Then, may all little boys, who must sometimes leave home,
Recollect that the holidays surely will come,
And that they will be happiest seen,
Who, assured that wherever they're sent 'tis for good,
Have been cheerful, industrious, and done what they could,
And the best little fellows have been.

COMING FROM SCHOOL

C Knight. sculp.

And the moment the Footman has open'd the door, sweet Henry flies into her arms.

Page 37.

London. Pub. Jan.y 1809. by B. Tabart & Co. New Bond St.

COMING FROM SCHOOL.

1

Now rejoice and be happy,
Ye good little boys,
For the long-wish'd for Christmas is come:
And mama, with new books,
And fine pictures and toys,
Is anxious expecting you home.

2

Oh, hark! 'tis the sound
Of the carriage you hear,
See now then it stops at the door;
Come, run, master Henry,
Jump in it, my dear,
You'll be home in the space of an hour.

3

Come, smack your whip, coachman,
You are not going far,
Make your horses to gallop quite fast;
Your young master is waiting
To see his mama,
And he seems in a wonderful haste.

4

Mama is impatient,
Now school-time is o'er,
To view his improvement and charms;
And the moment the footman
Has open'd the door,
Sweet Henry flies into her arms.

5

Then his brothers and sisters,
All thronging around,
Receive his beloved embrace;
And the sweetest contentment
And pleasure is found,
To kindle in each rosy face.

6

But for that foolish boy,
Who has indolent been,
And his book has neglected to learn;
For *him*, no fond mother
Impatient is seen,
Awaiting his joyful return.

7

He cannot, alas!
Be a glad happy boy,
When the coach or the chariot he sees;
Nor can he return
To those parents with joy,
Whom he has not endeavour'd to please.

8

But the good child has seldom
Occasion to grieve,
His Christmas he joyfully spends;
And sweet is the welcome
He'll ever receive,
From his dear and affectionate friends.

EVENING HYMN

Oh God! inspire my Infant tongue, thy goodness to declare.

Page 41.

London, Pub. Jan.y 1822, by B. Tabart & Co. New Bond Str.t

EVENING HYMN.

1

Blest Lord! to whom all good we owe,
Assist me thanks to pay
To thee, from whom all blessings flow,
For happiness this day.

2

Oh God! inspire my infant tongue,
Thy goodness to declare;
And deign, though I am weak and young,
To harken to my pray'r.

3

Oh! guide me to the paths of truth,
And let me walk therein;
Preserve my inexperienc'd youth,
From folly and from sin.

4

Teach me, Oh Lord! my faults to see,
To own them when reprov'd;
That I may be approved by thee,
And by my friends be lov'd.

5

Rememb'ring thy all-seeing eye
Is ne'er with slumber seal'd;
That all our actions open lie,
And every thought reveal'd.

6

Whence let me strive to gain thy love,
By daily pray'r and praise;
Father! thy faithful child I'll prove,
And early seek thy ways.

7

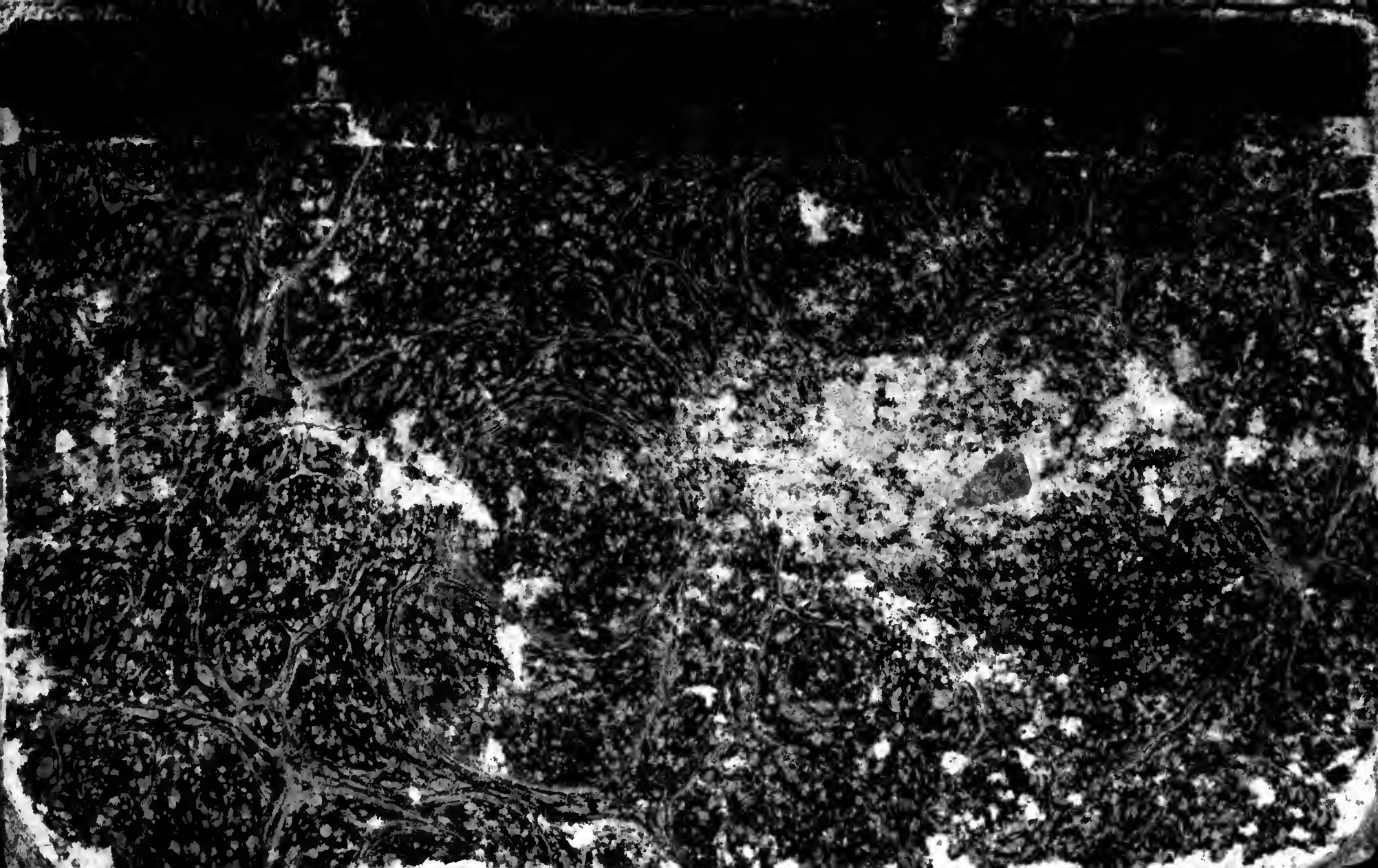
Make this my daily aim to be;
Then when I lay my head
To rest, at night, offending Thee
Shall be my only dread.

8

For ev'ry disobedient word,
I may have spoke this day;
Forgive me, for his sake, Oh Lord!
Whose blood wash'd sins away.

9

So may I hope, at length to join,
(My faults through him forgiv'n)
With holy Angels, who combine
To sing thy praise in Heav'n.

THE END.

Printed by R. Juigné, 17, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square.